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GEE AITCH 43

No. 45. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Friday, June 27, 1919

Mr. Snyder New Red Cross Field Director

MR. FRENCH LEAVES SERVICE.

Mr. French, who has spent many months with us as Field Director, in the Red Cross service, today, hands the keys over to his successor, and will homeward wend his way, in the direction of Texas. Mr. French and Mrs. French, who has been here with her husband, have made many friends on the Post, and their loss will be keenly felt. Our best wishes, Mr. and Mrs. French.

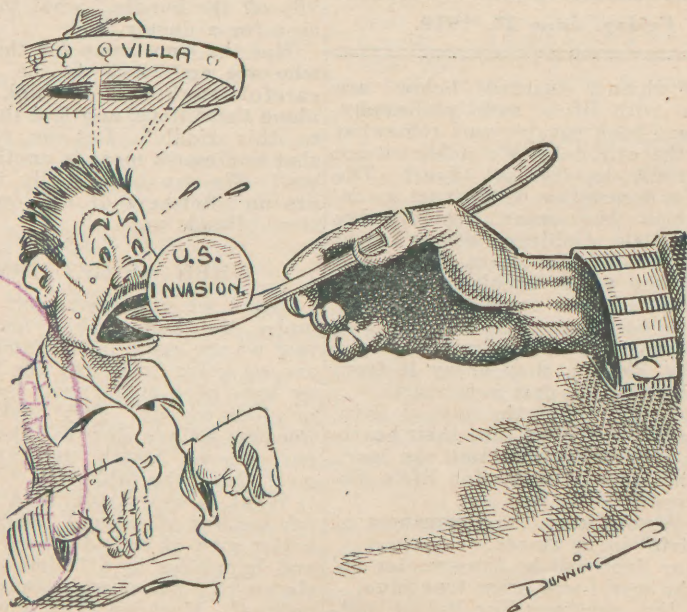
The New Field Director.

Mr. French will be succeeded by Mr. R. M. Snyder, who today takes

up the cudgells as Field Director of the Red Cross work here. The new leader has been associated with Red Cross work in both home and foreign service, for over a year. He is shouldering the new undertaking with enthusiasm. A hearty welcome, Mr. Snyder, and much success to you.

FORERUNNER.

of the big opening night of the K. C. Hall, just over the bridge in Phoenix. It is to occur Saturday night—Big Dance 'n everything—What!!!!



If sufficiently distributed by the "Disease."

GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,
and devoted to the interests of
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-
ton, Va.

Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson,
commanding officer.

R. M. Snyder, Red Cross field
director.

Staff:

Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson
Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning
Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

Officer of the Day:

Lieut. H. C. Broadwin.

Friday, June 27, 1919.

The rhymes printed below are packed with life's rich philosophy, and have been paraphrased somewhat from the original. We acknowledge due credit to "Velvet Joe." The poem is descriptive of a street scene, in which the organ grinder, five happy little children, and "Velvet Joe" figure as the actors.

"True, the music of his organ ain't the best that could be played,
And it's full of sounds that oughtn't to be in it—I'm afraid.

But the kiddies, they enjoy it from the time its first note starts

'Cause they've got the joy of livin' sunk 'way deep into their hearts

"Now, us grown folks, too, can learn the way to stand for life's discord

If we'll only keep the joyousness of livin' in us stored.

An' our lives will be the sweeter an' the world will seem true blue,

If we live our lives like Velvet, natural, freely, pure—all true."

* * *

When you feel blue, try a visit to the Red Cross Convalescent home as

a remedy. Charges, none. Return engagements always open.

* * *

TO EAT OR NOT TO EAT!

"To eat or not to eat" that is the question. How many Post dwellers have been able to solve it? When you sit down to the table with an appetite for fresh vegetables and fruits and salads, and instead, is brought before you hot meat and Irish potatoes, what do you do? This is a question for each one individually to answer.

When you get up in the morning with a brown taste in your mouth and that languid, tired feeling, what do you do? Do you hustle down to the mess hall, and fill up on a heavy meal? If you do, can you give a good reason for doing so? Can you think of a better course of action?

When you have eaten three "squares" this hot weather, and have a feeling as though you would like to "fly off the handle," what then? Fit case for a doctor, eh?

Has the time come for those of us who are ambitious to be efficient, careful workers, to think soberly along these lines, and find the answer to this riddle? Let us remember that one man's meat is another's poison! We are individually the authors and finishers of our own salvation. Heads up!

* * *

WHEN WE GET HOME!

When we once more put our feet under the home table, and realize that we are again in the family circle, are we going to betray the fact that we have been in the army by the way in which we eat? Very likely! Why? Because we are slow to take in hand our present "catch as catch can" methods at the table.

What is the virtue in a bolt and run method of eating? Does it make better men of us? Is there no value and happiness in a "come and go" chat with a pal as we appease our appetites? Must we grab a plate full, forgetful of the several pals down the line, who are waiting for the grub vessel to be passed their way? Why not cultivate a little feeling for

the other fellow? It will surely pay; it will be returned, if not now, then later, bearing dividends. This modern world is built to co-operate, if we would secure the best results. A good place to make a start is the dinner table. Any seconds?

FASCINATING, INGENIOUS!

The English gave us polo, the Spanish the bull fight, and Mother Nature gave us a lot of turf, a plenty of open air and room for action, enough room to pave our way to an early grave—and incidentally, many of us have the construction of our board walk pretty well under way. But to get back to the subject of sports, directors of and indulgers on this Post have put forth every effort possible to popularize the staid old sports of our civilian YOUTH. AND NOW, BEHOLD! as old age mockingly creeps up and manifests itself in our army old age, and as feeble as we are becoming, again we say: BEHOLD! From among our midst a GENIUS springs forth, inventive, cunning, boastful. Lt. Broadwin, our profound bows!

Golf! "LAWN GOLF"! That is the game that the whole Officer's staff are indulging in each evening. Armed with *swagger sticks* they sally forth on the course, (which stretches from the morgue and past the main hospital building, bordering on the water front,) periodically 7:00 P. M. daily, and swing furiously at the tennis balls. Lt. Beck, we hear, has been the nimblest of the contestants having won three straight. Here's the way the thing came about: Lt. Broadwin invented it; Captain Karl, it was whispered to us, is the promoter; Lt. Gau is chief keeper of the grounds; Mr. Brown of Red Cross, was unanimously chosen Supply man.

At the Wednesday combat, Captains Fearney, Summers, Karl, Lieutenants Broadwin, Gau, Mayer and Mr. Brown were ingrossed in this greatest of all sports. Some big contests are planned for the future and the caddy's account of future ground hog movements will appear later. More power to ye, out door lovers!

BACK FROM VISITS HOME.

The names of three of our Post dwellers belong here, as information, that they are back from pass, and once more anxious to buddy with their local friends: Sgt. 1st c. Celestine J. Reiley, Sgt. 1st. c. F. Y. Durance, Pvt. Nicholas Russo.

LOCALS BEST 12th INF. IN 12-INNING GAME.

The. 12th Infantry, Camp Stuart, went down before the locals in 12 innings, Wednesday afternoon at Red Circle Park. It was a close game; at the end of the 11th inning, the score being 6 and 6. In the 12th, the bombardment started and the locals crossed the pan four times. Otis then went in for Schofield and the first three infantrymen were retired in order and the game ended 10 to 6, the locals at the big end. Schofield pitched great ball, and the new men on the team showed up splendidly. This is the way the weeds came up in the garden:

Locals 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 1 0 0 2 0—6

12th Inf..... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 2 4—10

Infantrymen made 9 hits while
Locals totalled up 13.

WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

Heard from Sergeant Kane.

Gee, I wish my hair would grow before wife comes; I look like a monkey this way.

Heard at Barracks III, Room 39.

"Dear! I wish he did not get his discharge?"

Lost at Old Soldiers' Resting Place.

A few of our friends went a wandering on their way until they came to the old soldier's resting place, and decided to bury their sorrow, when a cruel hearted M. P. (colored) came on his beat, looked at the party and said:

"You are not dead yet; this way out; don't disturb your poor old forefathers. Try Central Park." And they went the other way.

"Eva" Dunning and "Whitie" Hollingsworth, seem to have competition in a love affair. You had better take her with you Whitie, or Eva will have her all to himself.

HERE AND THERE.

Young lady would like to know who is the M. T. C. man who apparently has a lease on the telephone. At any rate he's a poor operator.

The many friends of Mrs. T. C. Curry (nee Miss Ethel Riley) were heard offering congratulations recently. Guess she put one over on us all.

Will some nurse or civilian kindly volunteer to make mid-night inspection rounds with our O. G.?

Misses Daisy Bradley and Iva Pampel left Friday on a furlough.

Mr. Heidt Visiting Post.

Mr. Heidt, from Washington, D. C., is with us for a few days. He is the Assistant Director, in charge of Athletics of the Potomac Division. Being quite an athlete himself, he will, no doubt, receive the co-operation he desires from those here at the Post, in his efforts to develop the already aroused interest of our hospital citizens in physical competitions and games.

Mrs. Rose C. Miller, of Pittsburgh, Pa., returns to her home Friday, after a pleasant visit of several days with her son, Paul, improved patient of Ward 7.

Miss Leitch, the Librarian of the Post, is away on a week's absence at Asbury Park, N. J. She is delivering a series of addresses on library work.

Miss Lottie Christiansen, of Baltimore, returns to her home Friday, after a happy visit at the Post. She is the intimate friend of C. L. Scott, improved patient of Ward 7.

Mr. J. W. Craig, boss barber of our local emporium, left last Sunday morning for an indefinite stay in Baltimore, where one can still be "wet" if he so desires. He is expected to return when he gets ready.

Mr. Paul Craig, the junior Craig in our local barber establishment, has arrangements "cut and dried" to go to New York next week, and bring back his bride. The fortunate young lady who will accompany him is said to be of the renowned city of Phoe-

bus; the "shine" boy whispers that her family name is Eacho. Congratulations are soon to be in order, no doubt!

NOTICE!

Swimming without bathing suits is NOT ALLOWED at the docks. "Nuff sed."

SHAEFFER ON PASS.

Acting "Corp" Shaeffer, smilingly told us, he would visit the old "hops" haunts, before everything dries up. He leaves today or tomorrow on pass. Think of us dry ones, Jake, and take an extra.

SGT. BERG VISITING EDMORE YARDS—G. W. DUKE LOCATED.

Sgt. 1st c. Berg, answers the call of Edgemore Yards, which this paper published sometime back. The mystery of the missing cars will soon be cleared up, with Geo. W. Duke, famous detective, on the job.

QMer McQUIGAN DONS CIVICS.

And shades of Moses! What a lot of noise he's making! And "How Come"? are wedding bells and a Phoebe home to follow in sequence? Tell us "Sergeant."

LET'S GO, SWIMMERS.

You water dogs, come on! Red Cross Brown is now prepared to furnish you with a bathing suit, if you will use it well, and be a true water dog. Where's your excuse, now, swimmer? Come on.

STRONG FACTS FROM BARRACK "A"

Frank Strauch's arms for Frenchie
John Waugh's love for Buckroe.
Roy Rankins' glasses.
Ignatz Noble's vocabulary.
Jack Merrick's pipe.
Francis Smith's appetite.
Albert Novick's mustache.
John "Shrimp" Mills' grouch.
Unk Russell's music.
Sgt. Samuel's like for books.